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The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 16

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1926.

4 Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There will have to be a revision of this "Smith, Brown and Jones" stuff, because the Jones' have deserted the group. Howard P. Barker, in an illuminating article appearing in American Speech, throws light on leading surnames, and the information that he furnishes gives human history a "punch" that is valuable, as well as unique. In Mr. Barker's article he tells how he has accomplished his statistical autopsies on United States Census reports, War Department lists, and city and telephone directories. He has pushed the investigations so that they include exhaustive facts regarding the origin of names, gathered from official figures, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are brought into the picture, because that's where most Americans originally "came from." Then Mr. Barker jumps across to the European continent in his quest for the derivation of surnames. No one can doubt, after reading the article but what he has found "the low down" on all our popular names. He declares that "Smith without question is the great master of surnames in this country." Smith leads everywhere, even in New York City; but in that metropolis the ratio is peculiar as Cohen comes second; Miller, third; Brown, fourth; Schwartz, fifth. The Jones family isn't even "prominently mentioned." In St. Paul and Minneapolis the Smiths have to take a back seat, because the Johnsons are first; Anderson, second; Nelson, third; Peterson, fourth. With the poor Smiths trailing along in fifth place. The Johnsons are also slightly in the lead in Chicago, but Smith is in second place. In most other cities the commonness of Smith is undisputed. Cincinnati gives third place to Meyer; New Orleans second to Levy. There are more Smiths and more Johnsons in the United States, says Mr. Barker, than there are people in Detroit; and the Browns, if all brought together, would fall little short of creating a city the size of Boston. Williams and Jones total somewhat less than the population of Los Angeles. The Millers could almost take command of all the accommodations in Pittsburgh. The ratio of leadership in names of the entire United States, on a basis of 112,000,000 population, as of 1924, ranged in the following order, Smith, Johnson, Brown, Williams, Jones, Miller, Davis, Anderson, Wilson and Moore.

Mr. Barker has certainly unearthed a great subject and it is to be hoped that he will be able to trace the fate and destinies of the bearers of these surnames. If so, he might possibly tell us why the Johnsons always vote for the Johnsons, and therefore send such men as Magnus Johnson to the Senate from states like Minnesota. He might tip us off some of the prosperity that follows in the wake of some names, and tell us why Cohen and Levy usually control the banks and the loan companies. The possibility of dissecting the American-Welsh settlements where Williams and Jones talk the "two talks" would be interesting. He might also tell us why the Millers are always so charming, the Davises so stern, the Wilsons so wise, and why people who know the Moores wish that there were more of them.

BROWN PATCHES ON THE GREENS

One of the nightmares which have beset golf keepers and grounds committees of golf clubs during recent years has been a disease known as brown patch which has attacked the best kind of golf greens. Brown patch is a mild or fungus growth which occurs over night on the greens and kills the grass. It has been known to completely cover a green in three days and kill every blade of grass in that time. It occurs in one form or other, throughout all the golf playing territory of the United States, which includes all the country. Mildew and fungus parasites grow in the night. Under certain conditions of saturated and damp atmosphere brown patch appears in the morning. Unless it is immediately attended to and checked the forest and most costly greens are ruined by having the grass killed.

This disease of brown patch has become prevalent in the last few years. Rich, smooth, tender, cultivated greens are not able to withstand the tendency to brown patch as are clover, blue grass and other harder vegetation, with the result that as the greens committees worked harder to get more beautiful and more velvety greens, they at the same time made them more liable to this "gout" of the greens, or brown patch. Once covered with brown patch, the green is useless for the game is dead.

Many kinds of material have been tried out to combat the brown patch but the one which has been most

FRANK KENDALL

Mr. Frank Kendall passed away Tuesday evening at his home on Spring Street after a long period of ill health. Funeral services will be held Thursday afternoon at two o'clock from his late home.

GRANGE NEWS

BEAR RIVER GRANGE

The regular meeting of Bear River Grange was held Saturday evening, July 24. As this was Gentlemen's Night chairs were filled by the brothers. One candidate was instructed in the first and second degrees by the regular officers, after which the brothers gave the following program:

Singing by the chorus
Reading and Story, Edw. Bennett
Instrumental Music, Addison Saunders
Tableau, "When Mother Goes Visiting"
Reading, E. I. French
Song by the Quartet
Reading, Arthur Stearns
Story, Ernest Holt
Song with banjo accompaniment, Daniel Wight
Reading, Edw. Bennett
Story, E. I. French
Story, Don Wight
Music, violin, piano and harmonica, by the Saunders
Closing Song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again"

Refreshments were served by the ladies, and all felt that they had been given a fine entertainment, and the ladies agreed that they would have to hustle some two weeks from Saturday night when in Ladies Night if they are to beat the brothers on entertainment.

successfully used and which through many tests has been found to successfully control and cure all kinds of brown patch is a new organic mercury compound known as Semesan. This is the same compound which the United States Department of Agriculture used to control crown gall, sometimes called "tree cancer" in the root grafted apple nursery business. In a recent pamphlet the Department told of its efforts to control crown gall and how this had been successfully done through the use of the new organic mercury compound.

A MILLIONAIRE'S CLUB

There seems to be a good deal of danger that the United States Senate will again become a "millionaire's club." It attained that position many years ago, but the progressive movement that swept many parts of the country modified the style of Senatorial personages. The disclosures that have recently been brought out in Illinois, and the previous shocking exposures of the use of money in Pennsylvania, have been responsible for initiating a plan to keep the hoodlums-politicians from being seated when they come to Washington. It is hard to tell what there is in store for the future, but it is certain that there will be a hot time in the old Senate next winter when the Senators elect from Illinois, Pennsylvania, and several other states present their credentials.

A SHORT OUT TO MUSICAL FAME

Uncle Sam's diplomatic service is a training school for many professions, and its graduates are found in every branch of activity. One of the diplomats who has found fame in a somewhat novel field is Weyland Eshols, who resigned from service as an Embassy Secretary in Europe five years ago to follow music, and is now regarded as one of the foremost tenors on the American concert stage. Eshols was back in Washington a few days ago, visiting his old friends in the State Department. He told them a new story of how to succeed in music. While Eshols was completing his musical education in London three years ago, he said, he went to John MacTormack for advice as to the next step in his career.

Here's an infallible formula for success," said MacTormack. "To be famous, dance a little, -stare in London for a year."

"But I've already been staring in London for two years," protested Eshols. Quick as a flash MacTormack replied: "Then you'll be twice as famous!"

THE DILEMMA

A Federal court has held that the failure to make an income tax return from the illegal sale of liquor is a misdemeanor. That means that the man who bootlegs may account for it in his income tax report. That, of course, is a confession that he has violated the law, and he may be prosecuted for that also. The way of the transgressor is still hard, and the distance from the frying pan to the fire is short.

Hon. and Mrs. A. E. Herrick and Charles Tuell returned to Portland, Monday.

ODD FELLOWS-ENTERTAIN LARGE COMPANY

A large delegation of Odd Fellows met at I. O. O. F. Hall, Bethel, last Friday evening. Sixteen lodges from different sections of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts were represented in the total of 135 or more present.

The work for conferring the first degree was exemplified by Mr. Mica Lodge of South Paris on one candidate in a very pleasing and impressive manner. Among the number present were Walter S. Hicks of Rumford, Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Maine, I. O. O. F.; George Lavitt of Richmond, Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Maine; John Littlefield of Bridgton, Grand High Priest of the Grand Encampment; and Herbert Rich of Norway, District Deputy Grand Master.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served, and after a social hour all departed for their homes with pleasant memories of a very successful and helpful meeting.

K. OF P. LODGE HAS BIG MEETING

Sudbury Lodge, K. of P. of Bethel was host to a large number of visitors Tuesday evening, when the work of conferring the first degree was impressively done by the local lodge.

The Grand Chancellor Commander of the Grand Lodge of Maine, John Everett, of South Paris was present and gave a very interesting discourse at the close of the work.

After the work a delicious supper was served to about seventy by members of Pythian Temple.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. S. T. Achenbach, Minister
Thursday, Aug. 5, 3 o'clock: Meeting of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. Copeland.

Sunday, August 8:
10:30: Services of worship. The pastor will continue the summer series, "Men and Mountains." Subject, "A Mountain in the Land of Moriah: Where a Great Believer Found His Faith Justified."

12:00: Church School.
All should reserve date of Thursday, Aug. 10, for the annual sale by the Ladies' Club.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street
Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon, "Spirit." Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

THE BETHEL METHODIST CHURCH

"The Singing Church"
Rev. Chester B. Oliver, Minister
Church School at 9:45 sharp. Classes for all.

Morning worship at 10:45. Message by Mr. H. R. Bean.
Epworth League at 7 P. M.
Thursday's foot sale indefinitely postponed.

Epworth League business meeting in the church vestry, Thursday evening at 7:30. Important business.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will conduct a business meeting at the home of Mrs. Lyman Wheeler, Wednesday evening at 7:30.

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

E. A. Goldsborough, Pastor
The sermon on Sunday morning will be "Job—the man who got sore." The topic for the evening will be taken from a text which is not in the Bible, "Jesus smiled." Come to at least one of these services so that we may all receive a little more inspiration. Special service at the morning service under the direction of W. A. Goldsborough, organist of St. Andrew's Church, 30 Ave. New York.

The boys' club is going to take an overnight hike to Mount Park on Monday and Tuesday. On Aug. 17 will be produced the "West End 1919 and 1920," given under the joint auspices of the girls' club, the boys' club, and the church choir. Home made ice cream will be on sale. It will be worth while to save that date.

STATE OF MAINE

Office of Secretary of State
August 4, July 16, 1926.

Notice is hereby given that a Petition for the Pardon of LEANDER THURLOW a convict in the Maine State Prison at Thomaston under sentence for the crime of Murder is now pending before the Governor and Council and a hearing thereon will be granted in the Council Chamber at Augusta, on Monday the Ninth day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

EDGAR C. SMITH,
Deputy Secretary of State.

7-2321

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Alberta Kendall of Portland was the guest of friends in town last week.

Miss Merle MacKenzie of Gorham, N. H., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Minna Harriman.

Mrs. Viola Roberts of Hanover was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin, Tuesday.

Mrs. W. C. Garay was the recent guest of her brother, E. A. Brown, and wife at West Leeds, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Yates returned to Milan, N. H., Saturday, where they will spend some time in camp.

Mrs. Elliott Rich and Little Stuart, visited Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Coolidge in Gorham, N. H., recently.

Mrs. Charles Davis has returned from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Wormell, and family at Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown were guests of his uncle, Moses Brown, in Portland last Saturday and Sunday.

Bean & Fox Co. have unloaded a carload of mixed lumber and a carload of shingles during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thurston and children and Mrs. Lois Thurston were in Portland over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Garay of Watertown, Mass., were recent guests of his brother, W. C. Garay, and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eldredge and children of Rockport, Mass., are spending the month with Mrs. Angella Clark.

Pauline and Roberta Brown have returned from a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Perley, Flint at Wilson's Mills.

Mr. Elmer Adams and family of Medford, Mass., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Macchia and other relatives.

Mr. F. E. Donahue returned home Sunday from St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland. He is much improved in health.

Mrs. Bertha Woodrow and Mr. Frank Fenton of Boston, Mass., were guests of her mother, Mrs. F. E. Donahue, part of last week.

Prof. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Miss Cornelia Chapman and Miss Alice Capen spent a few days in Portland the first of the week.

Mr. Kenneth Libby of North Turner spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall. Mrs. Libby and child accompanied him home.

Mrs. B. H. Tibbets, Mrs. G. L. Thurston and Mrs. S. T. Achenbach were in Rumford Thursday to attend a meeting for the organization of a Ladies' Auxiliary of the Rumford hospital.

Mrs. Carroll Valentine and baby of Pittsburgh, Pa., who have been spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Valentine, left Wednesday for Seal Harbor, Me., where they will visit before returning to their home.

Mr. Harold Rich has returned to his home in Torrington, Conn., after spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rich. His son, Stuart, remained for a visit with his grandparents.

Mr. P. C. Thurston was in E. Brownfield, Friday afternoon to attend a get-together of Democrats. Ernest McLean, Democratic nominee for Governor, was present. The Democrats are holding these get-togethers all over the State.

E. L. Greenleaf, Optometrist, of 107 Main St., Lewiston, will be at Bethel at the residence of S. M. Greenleaf, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 7th, for the purpose of examining eyes and fitting glasses. Appointments may be made during the week at S. M. Greenleaf's, 11 Park St., Bethel. Phone 112.

One evening last week a Chevrolet touring car from Rumford ran into and damaged a car driven by Max Robinson on Railroad Street. Mr. Robinson with his wife and a car full of young people were riding down Railroad St. when the Chevrolet car coming over the bridge at the foot of Church Street swung onto Railroad Street and struck the Robinson car damaging the mud guard and running board on one side. No one was injured.

Miss Alfreda Wheeler has returned home from Springfield, Mass., where she has completed her studies at Harpeth Institute. She plans to go to Montpelier, Vt., in September where she has a position as teacher in a school.

Among those who attended Pomona Grange at Harrison, Tuesday, were Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Copeland, Miss Rose Harvey, Miss Electa Chapin, Mrs. H. D. Hastings, Mrs. Albion Morgan, Miss Elvira Holt and Mr. E. E. Russell.

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BETHEL-FELLSMERE RESIDENTS HOLD REUNION

On Thursday, July 29, twenty-two summer residents of Bethel and surrounding town and winter residents of Fellsmere, gathered at Odd Fellows Hall to enjoy a get-together and dinner.

The dinner was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. King of Fellsmere, Fla., who were for many years residents of Bethel, and who are visiting relatives in town at the present time.

Those present at this pleasant affair were: Mr. and Mrs. King, the guests of honor; Mr. Trask and Miss Harlow of Dixfield; Mrs. Viola G. Roberts, Mrs. Alma Mitchell, Mrs. Martha Bartlett, Hanover; Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, So. Paris; Mrs. Williamson, Miss York, Portland; Miss Luella Boothby, Melrose, Mass.; Miss Mae Wiley, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lovejoy, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin, Mrs. O. M. Mason, Miss Alice Willis, Miss Alice Mason, Miss Annie Hamlin and Mr. Ernest M. Walker, Bethel.

The dinner was ably served under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lovejoy and Miss Annie Hamlin, and is the second of a series of dinners to be held during the summer months.

Mr. John Harrington was in Portland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott were in Portland, Tuesday.

Herrick Bros. Co. unloaded a carload of Ford cars last week.

Messrs. M. A. Naimy and C. E. Tidwell were in Portland, Tuesday.

Mrs. F. E. Donahue and Mrs. T. B. Burk were in Gorham, Friday.

Miss Hayes of Portland is a guest in the home of Mrs. W. H. Thurston.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler were in Portland on business one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Packard are visiting Mrs. Abbie Burton at Gorham, Me.

Miss Eleka Holt spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Emery at North Bethel.

Mrs. Frances Whitman of Grover Hill was the guest of Mrs. Roy Andrews and family, Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Rooney (nee Madeline Coolidge) of Gorham, N. H., a son, July 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Am Sessions from Abbott's Mills, Me., spent the week end at their home in town.

Mr. Charles Bryant and family of Bangor are guests of his sister, Mrs. Robert Clough, and family.

Mrs. Tertio Hapgood and daughter, Phyllis, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sloane of Lewiston over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Falyan Turner and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hazell of Fryeburg were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler.

Miss Lois Coolidge of Gorham, N. H., who has been visiting her aunts, Mr. Elliott Rich and Mrs. Trice Eames, has returned home.

The contest held by the Rebekahs has closed and the defeated side will furnish refreshments at the next regular meeting, Aug. 16.

Mr. H. E. Jordan recently received a painful injury to his wrist while cranking his automobile. The ligaments were torn away and the wrist joint dislocated.

A very pleasant afternoon is in store for the children whose parents are Old Fellows of Rebekahs on Wednesday, Aug. 11, from 2 to 5 o'clock at Mrs. Henry Barker's camp on Paradise road.

The annual get-together of the students of Gould Academy who attended that institution in the years 1888-89 was held Wednesday afternoon of this week. A more extended account will be given next week.

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DEMOCRATIC GET-TOGETHER

About fifty Democrats, both men and women, attended a banquet and get-together at Maple Inn, Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Among those present from out of town were Judge Matthew McCarthy of Rumford, Hon. B. G. McIntire of Norway, W. O. Frothingham of South Paris, Herb Towne of Norway, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Staples, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Barker, and Alton and Charles Bartlett of Hanover.

The toastmaster of the evening was Mr. H. D. Thurston who introduced the speakers, Messrs. McCarthy, McIntire and Frothingham. They all gave short talks about the different Democratic candidates to be voted on at the September election.

The party broke up about ten o'clock, voting it one of the most pleasant meetings of the kind ever held in Bethel, and the banquet served by Mrs. Donahue was highly commended by those present.

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The annual get-to

Thunderstorm Map of the United States.

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Porto Bello Gold

By
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

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SYNOPSIS

The story opens in New York, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Robert Ormerod, who tells the tale, is talking to Peter Corbair, chief of the traders, and man of enormous strength, when Darby McGraw, Irish bonded boy, brings news that a pirate ship is "off the Hook." An old sea captain announces he has been chased by the notorious pirate, Captain Rip-Rap. The older Ormerod tells Robert the pirate is Andrew Murray, his (Robert's) great-uncle, commanding the pirate ship, the Royal James. Murray is an ardent Jacobite. Robert meets a young woman from a Spanish frigate who is seeking her father, Colonel O'Donnell, Murray with a force of sailors visits the Ormerod house. He announces his intention of carrying off Robert, by force. If necessary, promising him a great future. The Royal James and the Walrus, the latter commanded by Flint, Murray's partner in piracy, appear. Murray, Robert and Peter board the James. Murray offers Flint a share in the loot of a Spanish treasure ship if he will co-operate with him. Flint insists Robert be left with him as a hostage, while Murray, in the Royal James, takes the treasure ship. The pirate vessels arrive at their rendezvous.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"By the ————, but I hoped 'twas that ———— Flint came a seeking 'twas that," he complained.

"Where is Captain Murray?" I answered.

"In his cabin."

And in the same mild manner he continued to his men:

"To your stations. Remember captain's orders. Now these two are aboard, ye'll fire at any boat that approaches and challenge afterward."

The negro lackeys stood aside as we came to the cabin entrance under the poop; the door was open. Down the dark tunnel of the companionway with its stateroom doors on either hand Peter and I could see my great-uncle sitting at the table in the main cabin, a glass of wine at his elbow, a chart spread out before him.

I recounted briefly our conversation with Flint and the determination Peter and I had reached in consequence. He nodded agreement with it.

"You did quite right, Robert. Peter did not exaggerate the dangers inherent in the situation."

"You will excuse me," he went on, "if I return to my studies. I have much upon my mind."

We bade him good night and went to our staterooms, weary enough from the unwanted exercise of rowing. As I shut my door I noted that he was measuring distances in the Caribbean with callipers, and jotting figures upon the margin of the chart.

In the morning all hands were occupied with the task of careening the ship. 'Twas when the work was proceeding satisfactorily that my great-uncle bade Martin take a dozen hands who were good shots and call away the longboat.

"I marvel that you dare to leave the James in this defenseless condition," I said to him as the longboat pulled off up the anchorage past the silent bulk of the Walrus.

"There need not necessarily be danger this afternoon," he said. "The ship is quiet ashore, and I doubt if there is a man sufficiently foolish aboard the Walrus to carry a cannon of powder from the magazine."

"But by evening they'll have slept it off," I insisted.

"True, and with it their lust for bloodshed—for the time being, at any rate. Our problem then will be to turn Flint's mind to some undertaking which will divert his attention and occupy him until we need no longer be concerned for his whimsies."

We landed north of the first river, below where Flint's party had held their council, and proceeded inland through a wooded valley, with hills rising to right and left of us and the Snygliss towering in the distance. The day was very clear, and the mountain's summit was a gray cone against the blue of the sky. Even our sudden, staccato escort of seamen became almost cheery under the influence of their changed surroundings, and with the sight of their first goal they began to whoop and shout like schoolboys. Murray, despite his age, was as spry as the youngest of us, and he never wasted a shot.

We had maintained a brisk pace in our wanderings, and we reached the site of the spring well before sunset. My great-uncle surveyed the situation with a calculating eye, indicated the stand of timber on the hill's sides, and exclaimed that there was no neighboring eminence whence an enemy could command it.

"Tis all you have asserted it to be," he said. "Moreover, it gives me an idea of a way in which we may occupy the energies of Captain Flint and his lackies for the ensuing weeks of our stay."

A thread of smoke trickled up beside the mouth of the rivulet in the woods along the estuary, and I indicated it to him.

"There is Flint," I said.

"Yes," he replied absently, and kept on.

The shadows were lengthening as we stepped out of the forest into a glade on the river's bank. Several additional fires had been kindled, and around each were huddled groups of pirates drinking, but the worst for the last night's drinking bout, John Silver was the only man who appeared to have any animation left in him.

"Twas he first saw us, and evidently spoke to Flint, who sat with Bones and several other cronies at the smallest of the fires. He swung toward us as Flint rose unsteadily and tacked in his wake.

"Come a-visitin', captain?" Silver inquired cheerfully. "Mighty kind of ye, sir, seen as how most o' our lads is a bit the worse for liquor and blood-lettin'. My duty to ye, Master Ormerod. I hopes I sees you and your friend well."

"Blood-lettin'?" repeated Murray, ignoring the balance of his remarks. "The old story, eh? Well, well! You'll never learn. How many for the saltmaker's palm and needle?"

"Three, captain. And main lucky we are as —"

Flint lurched up beside him. "Stow that, John," growled his captain. "I'll do the talkin'. What's your trouble, Murray?"

My great-uncle took a pinch of snuff with his inimitable knack of expressing acute disgust without moving a muscle of his face.

"I have been a-huntin'," he replied. "Shooting for the pot. We stopped on the way to our boat to pass the time of day with you, Flint."

Flint snorted. "Time of day! H—!! Tain't like you to take the trouble."

"I am a person of most unvarnished proclivities," replied my great-uncle. "I hear from Silver that last night's episode was accompanied by the usual fatalities."

"Three," assented Flint. "Two o' 'em could be spared—long dogs. The other was Toby Welsh, as stout a fellow as we had."

"Not had for one night's work," commented Murray.

Flint was obviously in no very bellicent mood; he could scarce stand but he flamed up at this.

"Aye, and what d'ye expect? How many months did ye tell me I must hide here with a crew that knows naught but how to bray the devil's broth? And how many men d'ye think will be alive by the end of the time? Gut me, but 'twill be like the song we sing of the Dead Man's Chest!"

"I fear it will," agreed my great-uncle. "Unless you take measures to prevent it."

"Measures? There's a deal to be done in keeping twelve-score men from fighting on this chunk o' earth and rock!"

"There's your ship to be cleaned," said my great-uncle tentatively.

"I'd ha' nuttin' on my hands did I call for it! They're all for a run ashore, and there'll be no working their aboardship until they ha' had their fill o' woods and mountains."

"Aah," said my great-uncle. "Doubtless that is so. Well, if they insist on making ashore a time, is it not in their own interest to erect themselves some shelter from the elements? We have often said that some day we should build ourselves a fort on the island."

"We ha'."

"I came upon the ideal spot this afternoon—a sand hillock overgrown with fine pines and oak eastward of the swamp. It hath the air from the ocean, a good prospect of the anchorage and the nearer waters, and there is a spring at the very top."

"And 'n to do the work?" snarled Flint.

"Your men are to do the work," corrected Murray. "I should gladly assist them in it but for the fact that my own crew will be occupied aboard ship during the duration of our stay. We of the Royal James, I may point out, are laboring in the common interest no less than your people will be if they undertake the construction of the fort."

"Wast me for a ———— fool if I care two ———— for the common interest!" cried Flint. "But 'tis true there is need of the fort, and if the men will bide ashore they should ha' a roof to their heads and a better place to camp than down here in the river vapors. I'll see what's to be done, Murray."

"You'll not regret it," replied my great-uncle. "I shall be glad to lend you ought I possess in the way of tools or advice."

The building of the hilltop fort appeared to some British strain submerged beneath the surface villainy of Flint's secondaries. They went to their task with positive enthusiasm, erecting the hillock of timber, sawing and squaring the logs and erecting a substantial house of the more massive logs and after that an open stockade of palisades of sapling stakes six feet high.

Murray's personal object was already accomplished. The Royal James came back upon an even keel, her bottom scraped clean, her hull fresh-painted inside and out, her rigging overhauled and canvas in order.

spars tested and a weak topmast replaced, guns varnished, stores checked and stowed, sufficient great-cartridge for three actions prepared by the gunner, ballast aboard and distributed with a careful eye for sailing trim.

"As sweet and proper as though she was just from the hands of the dockyard fitters at Portsmouth," was Murray's comment on an evening about the beginning of August. "The tide ebbs on the break of dawn. I purpose sailing then."

"And you must deliver the body of your hostage beforehand," I answered as disagreeably as I could.

"Even so," he acknowledged. "Tis regrettable, Robert, yet the time will come, I venture to predict, when you will look back with pride upon the inconvenience you suffered."

"I'll accept the inconvenience if I may escape the rascals alive," I retorted.

"Of that you need have no doubts," he said earnestly. "I shall accompany you, and you may hear my parting instructions to Flint. Friend Peter, will you indulge me for the space of half an hour whilst I visit the Walrus with my nephew?"

"Neen," answered Peter, and pushed away from the table. "I go too."

"No, no—"

"But naught was said of two hostages—"

"If Bob goes, I go," insisted the Dutchman. "Ja."

Murray shook his head. "For you I might not be responsible, Peter."

"I will be responsible for myself," said Peter. "I go to der Walrus or you go out der window."

My great-uncle stared at him for a moment, then burst into laughter. "By gad, you would! And after,

"There is Flint," I said.

became captain in my place, no doubt. You are unmanageable, Peter. What do you say, nephew?"

"I'd not have Peter risk his throat with mine," I answered unaccountably.

"I go with you, Bob," repeated the Dutchman.

"You see," cried Murray. "Tis useless to object to with you. Well, you'll have company at least, and I shall take a companion to those present to be sure the visit will be of some use. A good friend is Peter, Robert. I would he were alive!"

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"I go with you, Bob," repeated the Dutchman.

Peter rose. "We go," he said. "Ja."

On deck Murray had the longboat called away, and we embarked in silence. 'Twas a hot night, with very little air stirring, and the island up-roar on the Walrus was amazingly distinct. The James was like a tomb by contrast. Not a sound came from her, and the only lights she showed were in the waist and the main cabin. The Walrus was a blaze of lanterns from poop to forecastle, but Murray halted the deck twice before he had an answer.

"Boat ahoy!" responded a husky voice then. "Why'n — don't ye come aboard?"

"Tis Captain Murray to see Captain Flint," replied my great-uncle calmly.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the husky voice on a quaver of fear. "We'll call him directly. Will ye come aboard, sir?"

My great-uncle turned to Peter with one foot on the side ladder.

"Are you certain you must go with Robert?" he asked. "I can assure you no harm shall come to him."

"Ja, I go."

My great-uncle's reply was a shrug of indifference, and Peter and I climbed after him to the deck. The Walrus was a revelation after the ordered discipline of the Royal James. In a word, she was pig-dirty. Her deck was littered with all kinds of rubbish; her rigging was slack and spliced in a fashion which seemed lubbish to me, who was a lubber; her canvas was torn, poorly patched and wretchedly furled; boats, barrels, lumber, spare spurs and cables lay about in entire confusion. The planks we trod on were slippery with grease. The paint was peeling from the bulwarks. There were spots of rust on the muzzle of a chase gun, which itself was hauled out of its proper position.

Flint came swaggering down to us from the poop in a condition which was in harmony with his surroundings. Like most of his men, he had discarded coat, shirt, stockings and shoes to accommodate himself to the heat of a tropical summer. His loose canvas trousers, identical with those the seamen wore, were streaked with dirt and tar. His bare calves and forearms were covered with dried blood where they had been scratched by brambles in his shore expeditions; out of the matted hair on his chest was thrust the head of a tiger, most curiously tattooed in black and yellow. His hair was a lank frame for his sanguine face, stubbly with a week's growth of beard.

"What d'ye seek, Murray?" he growled. "Come to look us over?"

"I am come to fulfill my contract with you," replied my great-uncle. "I am sailing with the morning ebb, and I bring you, not one hostage, but two."

Flint stepped closer and scrutinized Peter and me.

"Two, eh? What do I want 'em for?"

"On the contrary," denied my relative. "Master Corbair is an old and valued enemy of mine, of whom I have hopes of making in time a friend."

"Well, he's no good to me; gut me if he is!"

"You will take both or none," said my great-uncle in the voice like a dripping icicle which he knew so well how to assume.

"Nasty, are ye?" rasped Flint. "What ye for?"

A light in Murray's tawny eyes kindled like a flame under the reflection of the battle-lanterns which were hung from the lower spars.

"Two it is," Flint ended hastily. "But ye'll never see either one o' 'em if ye don't make good on your bargain. I ha' supported much from ye, Murray, but —"

"You'll support more for sufficient gold," replied my great-uncle. "Tatman, I want you like a hawk. When we first encountered you were proud to be guest of a trading bark. I have put you in the way to rank and fortune, if you know how to exploit your opportunities. Mark ye."

"You said seven hundred thousand to be divided betwixt the two ships."

"A shrewd look dawned in Flint's face."

"And where are ye a-goin' to pluck this million and a half o' treasure from?" he demanded. "You ha' said much of it, but you told me little. What course doth the treasure ship sail? Where do you lurk for her? There's wide seas betwixt the Main and the Atlantic, and ye can't stop every hole, Murray."

"You may safely entrust that portion of the task to me," replied my great-uncle dryly.

He offered me his hand, and somewhat to my own surprise I found myself inclined to accept it.

"Robert," he said, "I regret exceedingly the necessity I am under of inflicting this unpleasantness upon you; I shall endeavor to provide you adequate reparation. You also, friend Peter. Remember, we are working for a greater cause than our personal enrichment."

He vaulted lightly to the top of the bulwarks and dropped out of sight on the farther side.

"Gut me, but there's times I think he believes all he says," swore Flint.

"Ja, I go."

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Cleveland, Ohio.—"I have really had all kinds of trouble. After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sickly and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my housework now without a bit of trouble."

—Miss M. Rissner, 10004 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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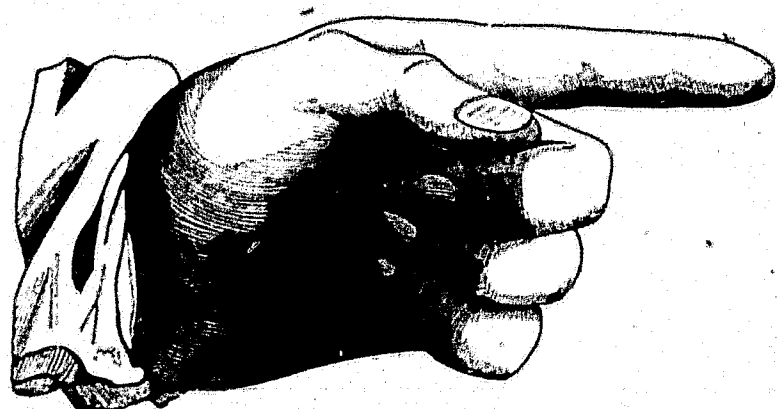
Wealth? It's a transient thing that brings its own cares.

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AUGUST CLEAN-UP SALE

STARTS THURSDAY, AUG. 12, at 9 A. M.

and will continue the rest of the month.

The lots are small and we urge you to come early before they are sold out.

We have decided to clean out our entire stock of Summer goods to make room for our Fall and Winter lines. We have cut our prices to the lowest notch as goods must be sold. Now is the time for you to secure real bargains in seasonable goods. Come in and convince yourself that our prices are lower than can be found anywhere in New England. We give you a partial list below of the many bargains we are offering.

On Saturday, Aug. 14 We shall sell Odds and Ends of Merchandise in bundles at 25c each	50c LADIES' MERCERIZED HOSE All Colors 25c	Extra Heavy Weight Turkish Wash Cloths 12x12 7c	Ladies' and Misses' UNION SUITS 25c	BATES 32-INCH GINGHAM Beautiful Colors 19c	10 Clerks Wanted FOR THIS SALE Apply to the Manager
DIAPER CLOTH 10 Yds. to a Piece 95c per Piece	Unbleached Lockwood COTTON SHEETING 13½c	Men's Leather Palm WORKING GLOVES 25c	MEN'S KHAKE PANTS 98c	Men's Balbriggan UNION SUITS 59c	WINDOW SHADES 49c
72x90 DOUBLE BED SHEETS 69c	MEN'S HEAVY COTTON WORK HOSE 9c	Ladies' Fine Lisle 'SUMMER VESTS' 9c	Men's Heavy Cotton WORK PANTS \$1.79	BOYS' KHAKE PANTS 69c	Men's Balbriggan SHIRTS and DRAWERS 39c

Extra Special--Men's Linen Knickers, \$1.98

Notice---1,000 Cigars Given Away During This Sale

Hundreds of other bargains not mentioned will be found here. They are small lots but they are marked down low. Come in and buy what you want before these small lots are sold out.

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